

THE ARIEL.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-BOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. VI.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28, 1832.

NO. 1.

THE ENGRAVING

For the present month should, properly, accompany this number; but an unavoidable delay on the part of the artist, has compelled us to defer it till our next.

THE EVENING.

By Thomas Moore.

Now, nearly fled was sunset's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects, late so bright,
The colouring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still where day had set
A flush that spoke him loath to die—
A last link of his glory yet,
Binding together earth and sky.
Oh! why is it that twilight best
Becomes e'en brows the loveliest?
That dimness, with its softening touch,
Can bring out grace unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,
When seen but half enchant the more.
Why is it, but, that every joy
In fulness finds its worst alloy;
And half a bliss but hoped or guessed,
Is sweeter than the whole possessed—
That Beauty dimly shone upon,
A creature all ideal grows;
And there's no light from moon or sun
Like that imagination throws—
Why is it but that fancy shrinks
Even from a bright reality,
And turning inly, feels and thinks
For heavenlier things than e'er will be.

SONG.

By the same.

Who 'll buy—'tis Folly's shop, who 'll buy?
We 've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools' supply,
We 've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
For reasoners here 's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing 's in it;
And nine pins set' like systems, up,
To be knocked down the following minute,
Who 'll buy—'tis folly's shop, who 'll buy?
Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather.
Tetotums we 've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble;
Alike their short and dizzy lot,
A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.
Here misers may their bones inter
In shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While, for their heirs, we've quicksilver,
That, fast as heart can wish, will caper.
For aldermen we've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.
No time we've now to name our terms,
But whatsoe'er the whims that seize you,

This oldest of all mortal firms,
Folly and Co., will try to please you.
Or, should you wish a darker hue
Of goods than we can recommend you,
Why then,—as we with lawyers do,—
To Knavery's shop, next door, we'll send you.

From the Illinois Monthly Magazine.

TRY ME.

Long, too long, I've waited, dearest,
Why, oh why, deny me?
If my constancy thou fearest,
Take me, love, and try me.
See the crystal tear is glowing,
One bright smile will dry it;
Doubt not, when 'tis easy knowing,
Try it, dearest, try it!
Joys when brightest still are fleetest,
Haste, dear maid, they're flying,
Wedded love, the fondest, sweetest,
May be had for trying.
Now I see thy heart relenting,
Dearest, I defy thee;
Eyes and cheeks alike consenting,
Maiden, shall I fly thee?
Hopes and vows thus fondly meeting,
Dearest, do not chide them;
They who say love's joys are cheating,
Never thus have tried them!

STANZAS.

Our sparkling cups are filled with wine,
Our merry lips are dry;
Why do those merry lips decline
Those sparkling cups to try?
The airy gems that o'er them spread,
Are bursting as they swell,
But ere those airy gems are fled
Our hearts must sigh, farewell!
Farewell! farewell! that word of dread,
To souls its sounds must sever;
Too oft 'mid youthful revels said,
And said, perhaps, forever.
Is there no bliss that cannot die?
No joy unimixed with wo?
Hath fancy's wing no power to fly
Where sorrow cannot go?
Those gems are passed—the cups are quaffed;
Those merry hearts must sever—
Delirium wild hath seized the draught,
And drowns the word—forever!

THE CHOLERA.—An Arab flying from the plague at Alexandria, to seek refuge at Cairo, was overtaken by an old woman journeying to the same place, whom he recognised to be the plague itself—"Ah!" said the man, "you are going to kill every one at Cairo now!" "No," replied she; "I shall only kill three thousand." Some time after the traveller met this old woman again, when he said, "You lied in promising kill no more than three thousand at Cairo, you killed thirty." "You are wrong," said she, "I killed only three thousand—Fear killed the rest!"

THE TOWN TATLER--NO. 25.

Misfortune does not always wait on vice,
Nor is success the constant gift of virtue.

Harvard's Regulus.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one half the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze on the noble sufferers. The great and rich, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious that numbers are sympathising in their distress, and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity. There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortune with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on; men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but they who, in the vale of obscurity, can withstand adversity; who, without friends to pity, or even without hope to alleviate their misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity, are truly great. Whether peasant or courtier, they deserve admiration, and should be held up for imitation and respect. While the slightest inconveniences of the high in office are magnified into calamities, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet these undergo more real hardships in one day, than those in more exalted stations suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the poor mothers with large families, the orphan females, the disabled sailors, endure without murmuring, and often without regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellow mortals to be gazers upon their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they endure their hard fate without repining.

It is gratifying, however, to observe an occasional spark of humanity breaking out from hearts which have a fellow feeling for the sufferings of the poor. I receive a variety of communications from every state in the Union, which express in language more or less polished, the genuine feelings of the heart. I copy below, one just received from Virginia, which may be taken as a fair sample.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE TATLER.

SIR—In some of your numbers headed "The Town Tatler," you describe the situation of some of the females in your city, in such a manner as causes me to feel much for them. I have five dollars which I wish to give to some intelligent orphan female between the ages of sixteen and twenty. She must be strictly virtuous, and one that is really in want. Will you be so good as to make some inquiries respecting such a female, and when you have found a deserving object, let me know, and I will send the money for her. She should be industrious—should she possess the above qualifications, I will hope to send you more; write me soon, and direct your letters to A. B. C., care of —, Virginia.

To this letter I can reply briefly, that my former numbers show that I am acquainted with numbers who more than come up to the description; but as A.

B. C. has no doubt formed in his own benevolent mind a plan for some *one* individual, I shall take occasion very soon to give him by letter a detailed account of just such an object as he will approve, adding in this place, that various small sums received by letter and otherwise, since I undertook the task of these descriptions, have all been most faithfully and I hope usefully bestowed. Donations of this description I never solicited, and indeed never expected; but when received I do not feel at liberty to return them. One or two instances of the useful discharge of this trust shall be hereafter communicated to my readers.

In visiting the poor and needy of this large and extending city, my feelings are rarely excited to the same extent as when I have come across an interesting blind female; but what shall we say when *three* blind persons are found in one family, as in the case I am about to relate. In a small frame tenement, at the southeast corner of Race and Broad streets, there at present reside a father and mother, who have the misfortune of being poor, and to have as heirs to their poverty, two blind daughters and a son. The girls are grown up, and the boy is about fifteen years old. This family has by turns excited the sympathy of a large number of citizens, as well as benevolent associations; but a constant stream will drain any well; and the impossibility of these objects of charity and sympathy being taught, without some system, to maintain themselves, has prevented their obtaining any certain mode of subsistence, and they are dependent on casual assistance. Efforts have been made by benevolent individuals to procure for them some occupation by which a bare subsistence could be earned by labor, but difficulties present which seem insuperable—for *they cannot see*. They cannot even fold printed books, for they require accuracy; they cannot even make band-boxes, for it requires something more than hands. Let any one employed on the most common occupation bind a handkerchief over his eyes, and attempt to do his usual work; he will then feel some compassion for those who are doomed to "ever during dark." The Wills Asylum in another year will most probably be ready to receive occupants, and the proper exertions will be made for their admission; but at present they are dependent upon casual charity, and might starve if the hand of kindness was not open.—The poor I have always found as ready to relieve real distress as the rich, and many is the dinner which is shared by those who earn it by the sweat of their brow, with those who by sickness or misfortune are utterly unable to help themselves. Let those who have enough and more than enough, think of these things, and not squander that food which is so much wanted, upon useless animals, and pets of no value whatever.

A poor old man, who could scarcely walk, once passing through Smithfield, was accosted by a young coxbomb, who jeeringly offered to take him upon his back and carry him. "No," replied the old fellow, "No, not so, for I shall purchase an ass next market day."

BIOGRAPHICAL.

From The Court and Camp of Napoleon.

JEROME BONAPARTE.

JEROME, the youngest of Napoleon's brothers, was born at Ajaccio, on the 15th of December, 1784; and, on the family being compelled to leave Corsica in 1793, he accompanied them to France. Shortly after his brother assumed the command of the army in Italy, Jerome was sent, with his sister Caroline and the two children of Josephine, to Madame Campan's establishment at St. Germain, and from thence to the college of Juilly, in the department of the Seine and Marne; where he remained until the revolution of November, 1799, which placed Napoleon at the head of the consular government. He then left college, and before he had completed his fifteenth year, entered the navy—a service for which he had always been intended.

In 1801 he was appointed to the command of a small loop of war, *L'Epervier*, and employed in the expedition to St. Domingo commanded by his brother-in-law, General Le Clerc. In March, 1802, he returned to France, the bearer of despatches announcing the landing of the expedition and the capture of Cape Francois; intelligence which was received with transports of exultation, as it was looked upon as the forerunner of the repossession of that important colony.

In June of the same year, we find Jerome at Brest, launching into extravagance, contracting debts which he had not the means to pay, and drawing on de Bourrienne, his brother's secretary, for sums which the First Consul discharged with much reluctance. One of his letters, in particular, excited Napoleon's anger: it was filled with accounts of the entertainments he was giving and receiving, and concluded with notifying that he had drawn for seventeen thousand francs. To this Bonaparte wrote the following reply:—"I have seen your letter, Monsieur l'Enseigne de Vaisseau, and am impatient to hear that you are on board your frigate, studying a profession intended to be the scene of your glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolation; but if you live to sixty, without having served your country and leaving behind you any honorable recollections, you had better not been born."

Jerome never realised the wishes and expectations of his brother, who always called him a "*petit polisson*." On the receipt of this letter, he set sail for Martinique, and resided while there with Madame de la Pagerie, the mother of Josephine. In 1803, on the resumption of hostilities between England and France, he had frequent opportunities of distinguishing himself; but, after cruising for a few months off Tobago, he thought proper to put into New-York, where he passed in dissipation that time which should have been employed in facing the enemy.

Towards the close of the year, he married Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a rich merchant of Baltimore. He remained in America until the spring of 1805, when he embarked in a neutral vessel, the *Erin*, and landed at Lisbon in May; whence he set off, by land, for Paris, directing the ship to proceed to Amsterdam; from which city he intended his wife should follow him, as soon as he had obtained the requisite permission from his imperial brother. On the arrival, however, of the *Erin* in the Texel, Madame Jerome Bonaparte, not being permitted to go on shore, thought it advisable to trust herself to the English. She accordingly landed at Dover in June, took up her residence during the summer at Camberwell, and in the autumn returned to her native country.

Napoleon was highly incensed at the idle and dissolute conduct of a brother whom he had hoped one day to place at the head of the French navy. He nevertheless sent him on a mission to the Dey of Algiers, to demand the restitution of certain Genoese, who had been carried into slavery. Jerome is said to have acquitted

himself, on this occasion, in a spirited manner, and brought back with him two hundred and fifty of those unfortunate persons.

In December, he was appointed to the command of the *Veteran*, of seventy-four guns, and visited a third time the West Indies. After a cruise of eight months, he sailed for France, and captured on his way six merchant vessels laden with timber from Quebec. Being closely pursued by an English man-of-war, the *Gibraltar*, Captain Lukin, he made for the small bay of Concarneau, on the coast of Brittany; where his ship was stranded, and Jerome and his crew with difficulty got on shore.

Immediately on his arrival at Paris, he was decorated with the cordon of the Legion of Honor, made rear-admiral, and created a prince. The *Moniteur* of the 17th of December gave a pompous detail of his exploits. "The Prince," it said, "was constantly at sea, in the midst of the enemy's squadron, and everywhere maintaining the honor of the French flag; now compelling Cochrane to take refuge in Barbadoes; now terrifying, by his presence, the commerce and colonies of the enemy! The value of the six merchant vessels captured by him on their way from Quebec is estimated at twenty millions of francs (£30,000) and the loss is said to have caused a dreadful sensation in London."

Happily, however, for England and her navy, the future Nelson of France suddenly quitted "the scene of his glory," and passed from the sea to the land service. In November, we find "the prince" at the head of a small corps of Bavarians and Wurtembergers, employed in the reduction of the fortresses of Silesia; and again, in December, directing the blockade of Glogau, and expressing his entire satisfaction at the conduct of the Bavarian cavalry. In March, 1807, he was made general of division.

Hitherto Jerome had displayed no want of affection for his American wife—a lady distinguished alike for her beauty and her talents; but, in July, on the conclusion of the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon having represented to him that the branches of the imperial family were not entitled to enter into alliances according to the dictates of their own feelings, but were bound to form such as were most suitable to his policy, Jerome was tempted to sacrifice the connexion which his heart had chosen, and become the tool of his brother's overweening ambition. The better to secure his influence in Germany, Napoleon demanded in marriage for him a daughter of the Elector of Saxony; but as that princess would not listen to the proposal, another was immediately sought after. On the 12th of August, Jerome espoused the Princess Friedrica Catharina, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, and, a few days after, was proclaimed King of Westphalia. On the 7th of December, a decree was issued, containing, in four pages, the constitution of the new kingdom; by an article of which, in default of legal descendants of King Jerome, the throne was to devolve on Napoleon or his heirs. It was published on the 15th, the new monarch's birth-day, who had then completed his twenty-second year; and on the 21st, the "*petit polisson*," made his public entry into Cassel.

Jerome had no lack of common sense; where he was not imposed on by intriguers, but was left to pursue the dictates of his heart, he generally took the right course, and had his ministers united a turn for business with integrity and a knowledge of the world, he might have become popular; but, from the individuals whom he had collected around him, it was soon very evident that his government would not be a very wise one. Volatile as a boy just escaped from school, he had a passion for imitating, in public, the pomp and state of his imperial brother; but, shut up within the walls of his palace, he would give loose to all the idle gaieties of childhood, down to the taking part in a game of leap-frog with his courtiers.

On his arrival at Cassel, he had the mortification to find his treasury empty. Every branch of the public service was three months in arrear, and the civil, military, and ecclesiastical pensions had not been discharged

for twelve months. In this dilemma he determined on calling together the states of the kingdom, and laying before them the actual condition of affairs. One of his ministers prepared an oration for the occasion, and produced it at the council;—but Jerome insisted on drawing up his own speech, which, we are told, he “committed to memory, and delivered with sufficient fluency and considerable grace.” It did not, however, produce the desired effect; and, in the unpleasant dilemma, Jerome found himself under the necessity of passing into the hands of the money-lenders. He accordingly applied to one Isaac Jacobson, a Jew banker, who obligingly advanced him two millions of francs, at a reasonable interest:—which sum was entirely swallowed up by the civil list.

Jerome was not ungrateful. A few days after he had received the moneys, a deputation from the Jews residing in Westphalia, consisting partly of rabbis and partly of elders, were introduced to him by Jacobson, who was their spokesman on the occasion; and the following was the royal reply:—“I am satisfied with your speech. The article in the constitution of my kingdom which establishes the equality of all religions is in unison with the feelings of my heart. The law ought to interrupt no one in the exercise of his worship. Each subject is as much at liberty to observe the rules of his faith, as the king is to follow his religion. The duties of the citizen are the only objects which the laws of the government can regulate. I trust I shall never have reason to regret what I am doing in favor of your people.” Westphalia became, indeed, a sort of land of promise for the Tribes of Israel. Individuals with long beards were seen in all the public offices. The minister of state was a Jew; the counsellor of finances (the aforementioned Jacobson) was a Jew; the superintendent of hospitals was a Jew; the barrackmaster was a Jew. The most extravagant prices were paid to the followers of this faith; while the modest proposals of the honest Westphalian merchants were rejected.

Cassel now presented a most singular spectacle.—Round the dissolute and extravagant court crowded a host of rapacious followers and idle hangers-on, of both sexes and of every age and condition, altogether unknown under the homely administration of the expelled elector. Unlike his brother Louis, Jerome affected to despise the native manners of his subjects, and would not even give himself the trouble to learn their language. The luxury and dissipation of the court had only an influence on the habits of the people; but the proscription of the national language in public acts mortified their self-love, and inflicted a deep wound on their feelings. As the French were to be imitated in every thing, a newspaper, called *Le Moniteur Westphalien*, was set up, mechanically detailing whatever the imperial police permitted to be made public; and thus a revolution in German manners and German morals was sought to be effected by Parisian boys of twenty and courtiers grown grey in profligacy.

In furtherance of the French plan of removing every thing which might recall the memory of the expelled family, Jerome caused the statues of the landgraves, which ornamented the two principal squares, to be taken down; and the plea for this mischievous violence was the want of taste of the sculptor.

Jerome, at one time, was seized with the mania for building. He ordered a part of the town to be pulled down; and as German activity could not keep pace with his impatience, he summoned M. Grandjean, the architect, from Paris; who would soon have transferred the royal city into another Babylon, if the resources of the treasury had corresponded with the vast conceptions of his genius. The labor of the morning was frequently destroyed in the evening, because, when the job was completed, Jerome fancied it was not done in good taste. He would say, “I will have this done to-night; I expect to find that finished by morning;” and four or five hundred workmen have often been seen toiling by torchlight

to execute the supreme command. Contractors and architects found their account in the frivolity and caprice of the royal puppet.

In 1812, when his revellings were at their height, he received an unexpected summons from his brother to attend him in the Russian expedition. He had the command of a German division intrusted to him, and at the battle of Mohilow, his exertions were crowned with success; but having suffered himself to be surprised at Smolensko, by which an important movement was disconcerted, he was sent for to head-quarters; and, after being severely reprimanded, ordered back to Cassel. To conceal his mortification, he retired to Neundorff, where he shut himself up with his favorites, and sought to dissipate his chagrin by a train of frivolous movements.

In the following year, on the evacuation of Germany by the French, Jerome's own subjects rose up against him; and, aided by Russian and Saxon troops, forced him to abandon his capital. At daybreak on the 28th of September, a brisk firing awakened the court of Cassel out of its slumbers. It was Czernicheff in person, with his Cossacks. Jerome, who had scarcely time to dress, put himself at the head of a regiment of French hussars, which he had taken into his service, and fled with his ministers and generals to Coblenz. In a letter to his brother, which was intercepted, he states that, in his retreat, he had been so unlucky as to lose the greater part of the hussars, because “malheureusement n'ayant pas l'habitude du cheval,” they tumbled off when they attempted to charge the enemy.

Czernicheff did not enter Cassel till the evening of the 30th, when he set the state prisoners at liberty, and compelled Jerome's troop of comedians to perform gratis. After staying in the town a few days, he marched in another direction: upon which the fugitive monarch returned to his capital; but, notwithstanding the lesson given by the Russian general, there was the same blind folly on the part of the ministers, the same profligacy on the part of the court.

Jerome was ignorant of the catastrophe of Leipsie until the afternoon of the 25th of October. On the evening of that day he quitted Cassel for the last time, escorted by a small detachment of body-guards. He remained several days at Cologne, surrounded by fugitives, all in a most pitiable condition. Here the handful of the body-guards who had protected his person to the last were dismissed, without a kind word from the king at parting—without even the means to enable them to join their families. To such a pitch were indignities proceeded in, that their uniforms, arms, and horses were taken from them; and the frivolous Jerome, on reaching Aix-la-Chapelle, had a play performed for his amusement, by the French strollers who had followed him from Cassel.

Jerome took refuge in France, accompanied by the amiable princess his wife, whose attachment seemed to increase with her husband's reverses. On the abdication of Napoleon, in April, 1814, they were compelled to quit Paris. On her way to Switzerland, Catherine was stopped near Montcreau by De Maubreuil and his gang, despoiled of her money and jewels, and reduced to the necessity of receiving from the hand of the man who had recently been her equerry, a sum sufficient to defray her expenses to Berne, where her husband was waiting her arrival.

Jerome was at Trieste when his brother returned from Elba. Though closely watched by the Austrian government, he contrived to embark in a frigate provided by Murat, and reached Paris; where he assisted at the meeting of Champ de Mai, and took his seat in the Chamber of Peers. He soon after set off for the army with the emperor; who acknowledged, at St. Helena, that he found him greatly improved, and that at the battle of Waterloo, he discovered considerable military talents.

After the second abdication, Jerome quitted Paris, and, assuming a disguise, wandered about from place to place,

until at length he obtained permission from his father-in-law to join his wife at Wertemberg. In December, the king accorded him the castle of Elvangen for a residence, on condition that he never quitted it, and kept no Frenchmen in his service. In February, 1816, he conferred on him the title of Count de Montfort,—still not allowing him to appear at court, or enjoy unrestrained liberty. Jerome, however, two years afterwards, obtained leave to settle in the Austrian dominions. He has a fine chateau near Vienna, and a mansion at Trieste; in the one or the other of which he constantly resides. He has a son and daughter by the princess. Jerome Napoleon, his son by his first wife, recently married a Miss Williams, the daughter of a merchant at Baltimore.

Of all Napoleon's brothers, Jerome is unquestionably the least indebted to nature. He has been truly described as a good natured, silly, unprincipled voluptuary; whose only wish was to enjoy the sensual gratifications of royalty, without submitting to its toils, but, at the same time, without any natural inclination to exercise its rigors. His subjects were accustomed to call him "Heliogabalus in miniature." Notwithstanding the bustle and splendor which he created among them, the Hessians most cordially detested him, and his whole crew of corrupters and squanderers. Napoleon they feared and cursed; Jerome they despised and laughed at. When, on his flight, he carried off the public treasures, and even the furniture of the palace, they were thunder-struck, "not at the meanness of the thing, but at the possibility of King Jerome possessing so much fore-sight." Their joy on being delivered from his yoke was unbounded. Upon the return of the elector, Cassel poured out her population to hail his arrival; and on the shoulders of his subjects the old man was carried in tears into the capital of his father.

In spite of Jerome's royalty, his brother, who heartily despised him, was in the practice of giving him the most humiliating advice, and telling him the harshest truths. It was to Jerome that Napoleon said, "If the majesty of kings is imprinted on the countenance, you may safely travel *incognito*." In December, 1812, shortly after his flight from Westphalia, Napoleon sent for him into his closet, and thus addressed him:—

Napoleon.—I have sent for you to make you acquainted with my real sentiments. Have you purchased an estate, as I ordered you?

Jerome.—Yes, I have; near Montrichard.

Napoleon.—Then go and reside there.

Jerome.—It is sending me into exile.

Napoleon.—Call it what you please—you shall not be near me. You are hateful to me. Your conduct disgusts me. I know no one so base, so stupid, so cowardly; you are destitute of virtue, talents, and resources. I hate you as much as I hate Lucien. Begone!"

On leaving the emperor, Jerome immediately sent for his private secretary, M. Bruguere, to whom he dictated this singular conversation, and preserved the record.

The throne of this "anointed deputy of heaven" was afterwards purchased by the proprietors of the *Caffe des Milles Colonnes*, in the Palais Royal, and the celebrated *belle limonadiere* was nightly seen seated on it, exhibiting her charms, as in the early part of her life she had done at the corners of the streets of Paris.

There is, however, one evidence in Jerome's favor, of which it would be unjust to deprive him. On the downfall of Napoleon, the King of Wurtemberg tried hard to prevail on his daughter to separate from her husband. The princess, in reply to her father's solicitations, wrote two affectionate, touching, and truly noble-minded letters, by which, to use Napoleon's expression, she "honorably inscribed her name in history." The first of these letters was written on the 17th April, 1814, the day before she left Paris; the second upon her reaching Berne, on the 1st of May. She therein avowed her irrevocable resolution to live and die with one to whom she was bound by honor and duty, and whom neither could permit her to leave, especially in his misfortunes. She appealed to her irreproachable conduct as a child, to prove that she was no stranger to the voice of duty, and that her conduct as a wife and a mother might be equally blameless. She acknowledged that the match was originally one of policy, but affirmed, that her husband now possessed her heart, and that her happiness depended on her continuing with him. "Best of fathers," concluded this amiable woman, "I throw myself at your feet, and implore you to desist from your purpose; for, on this point, my resolution and

my principles are unalterable. It would be cruel to compel me to continue a contest in which I should be opposed to a father, whom I cherish more than I do my own existence."

[Names are every thing now-a-days—put "By Mrs. Hemans," at the head of half a dozen verses, no matter what their merit, and they shall be copied every where, and admired every where, too. Mrs. Hemans's poetry has degenerated—it has grown weak and almost senseless; while the mannerism of her style is quite insufferable. She has written herself dry, like the author of *Waverley*. Had the following been sent to us as original, we should have twisted it up for a lamp-lighter, being unable to make out the sense of it. It is from a late number of *Blackwood's Magazine*.]

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa?—The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one.

Howitt's Book of the Seasons.

Why art thou thus in beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower!
Where the sound of song hath never pass'd,
From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,
For thy glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove—
In vain, lost thing! in vain!

I pity thee for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said,—but a low voice made reply:
"Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die,
They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way,
And the paths where lovers tread,
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,
By its odors have been shed.

"Yes! dew more sweet than ever fell
O'er island of the blest,
Were shaken forth, from its perfumed bell,
On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

"And dreams of home, in a troubled tide;
Swept o'er his darkening eye,
As he lay down by the fountain side,
In his mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert's flower,
The precious boon of heaven!
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of One above;
Of the Presence, felt to brood,
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown these wastes among,
In a blest and gracious hour!
For the lorn one rose, in heart made strong,
By the lonely, loneliest flower!"

ANIMAL REASONING.—A carter, boasting of the sagacity and strength of his horse, in company of a pedant, the latter somewhat scornfully asked if he could draw an inference. "I don't know what that be," replied the carter; "but if it does not weigh above three ton, I'll bet thee a quart that Dobbin will draw it."

MISCELLANY.

FEMALE ATTIRE.

We have no hesitation in asserting there never was a period when the dress of the middle classes was so luxurious and costly as at the present moment. The word "fashion" formerly applied to the Duchess of Devonshire, or the lady Londonderrys of the day; and the hoop and plume negligee, and fly-cap were too inconvenient as an appendage to the occupations of the housewife, or the menial, to admit of general adoption. But this is no longer the case. Every woman, from the first lady of the bedchamber to the last, from the Countess to the housemaid, must be in fashion. If my lady chooses to wear sleeves *a l'embicile*, pendant from her useless arms, my lady's maid must exhibit similar imbecility; no sooner did *gigots* inflate themselves round the shoulders of the peeresses, than every cook in London thought proper to assume a style so consonant with her calling.—Flounces waved round the taper angles of the *elegante*, and the young lady in curl papers, who carries the well frothed pewter pots from the Pig and Whistle to its customers, immediately began to overshadow the pavement with her furbelows. Trimmings were laid aside by the highest and mightiest of fashionable belles; and lo! from Piccadilly to the Mile End, nothing but simple work-bag skirts are to be seen. The richly brocaded shawl, the plush or velvet bonnet, the bag, and the silk pelisse, appear to have become indispensable for every woman with a head upon her shoulders.

A few years ago, and a single bargain shop contented the ambition of the metropolis; that classical lyric, "the skein of white worsted at Flint's," will convey to our grand-daughters and great-grand-daughters the indisputable fact that Grafton House is the parent of those countless depots of riband and tiffany, which occupy every sixth house of our commercial streets, and are thronged, from ten in the morning till ten at night, with a countless succession of victims to starvation, and to that alarming state of the times which still allows pink satin and white gauze to remain indispensable. We should like to station Joseph Hume, or the ghost of Cocker, in Compton street, to note the myriads of these ruined individuals to whom the yard measure of the haberdasher becomes enchanting as a fairy wand!

Look at the increase of periodicals devoted to female "fashions!" Formerly the "Belle Assemblée" held the mirror up to nature, and regulated the length of waists, and attitude of crowns from Penzance to Greenock.—Now we have (in addition to that venerable chronicle of graces, "The Lady's Magazine") "The Royal Lady's" "The World of Fashion," "Townsend's Costumes" "The Magazine of the Beau Monde," and half a dozen other vile fac-similes of the "*pettit Courier des Dames*." One of these, and incomparably the worst, has a circulation of ten thousand copies, chiefly among the milliners and mantau-makers of country towns, who can no longer carry on their calling without some insight into the Parisian mysteries, which are not less dear to Mrs. Schone, the brazier's wife, than to a lady patroness of Almack's; most of them, indeed, are compelled to make an annual pilgrimage, *par diligence*, to the attics of Meurice's, that they may bring back the frippery of the rue Vivienne, and learn to jabber out "*Manseer Harbo*."

All this is frivolous and vexatious. Among the few superficial respectabilities of the continent, is the strictness of costume serving the various classes of society. The Parisian tradesman's wife, in her neatly quilled cap, is a far more satisfactory object than Mrs. Timkins in her windmill bonnet; and the Parisian cook-maid in her clean jacket and petticoat, than the creature who hashes our own mutton in gown of greasy gros de Naples. Our featherbed has never been satisfactorily shaken since calimanco petticoats and checked aprons were voted out of "fashion."—*London paper.*

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

During the last summer two elderly gentlemen of rather austere manners, who were strangers to each other, were in the habit of occasionally visiting a celebrated Coffee House in London. Being both rather niggardly in their habits, and the waiter having never received from either his customary fee, he being thus neglected, the rascal only waited for an opportunity to play off upon them a practical joke. This opportunity soon arrived.

One afternoon Mr. Jenkins, one of the gentlemen in question, came to the public room, but finding it occupied by a set of jovial fellows, who were somewhat disposed to be noisy, he turned in disgust to the waiter, and requested him to show him into a private apartment, and furnish him with a cup of coffee, and a pipe, and a newspaper. Soon after Mr. Jones, the other gentleman who had rendered himself obnoxious to the waiter, also came in, and made a similar request. The waiter expressed regret that it was not in his power to comply with his request, as the apartments were all occupied.—'But,' said he, as if the idea suddenly occurred to him, 'there's a gentleman in No. 5, who, I presume, would have no objection to sharing his room with you—but, perhaps, you may not be pleased with his company, as unfortunately he is quite deaf.'

'O, that is of little consequence,' said Mr. Jones,—'Give my respects to the gentleman, and ask him if he will admit me into his company.'

The waiter departed, and entered in to the apartment where Mr. Jenkins was wading through a tremendous paragraph relating to the French Revolution. 'Sir,' said the wag, 'there is a very respectable old man below, who is desirous of retiring to a private apartment, but unfortunately our rooms are all filled with company. If you will be so obliging as to—'

'Send him up,' replied Mr. Jenkins, 'I shall be happy to have his company.'

'But,' resumed the waiter, 'the poor man labors under a great infirmity, he is as deaf as a post.'

'I am sorry for that,' said Mr. Jenkins, as I wished to have some chat about the extraordinary events which have lately taken place in France. But never mind, send him up.'

Mr. Jones was accordingly introduced. The two gentlemen bowed, looked hard at each other without speaking; and both puffed away at their pipes for some time.

At last Mr. Jenkins *bawled out*, 'Well, sir, what do you think of Lafayette?'

'I think he is a most extraordinary man, and an honor to the human race,' screamed Mr. Jones at the top of his voice.

'He is an extraordinary man, sir; he is a great man—he is the hero of three Revolutions; I would not exchange his fame, for that of any name on record' continued Mr. Jenkins, still to the infinite jeopardy of his lungs.

'Good God! my dear sir,' said Mr. Jones with voice of a Stentor, 'you need not bawl so loud. You absolutely stun me—I am not deaf.'

'That rascal of a waiter told me you were,' said Mr. Jenkins in his natural voice.

'He told me the same story of you,' hoarsely vociferated Mr. Jones.

'Spare me, my dear sir,' exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, holding up both hands—'or the drum of my ear will burst. I am no more deaf than yourself!'

Indignant at the trick which was played on them, they rung the bell for the waiter; and he appeared with a provoking leer upon his features, they asked him what he deserved for such impertinent conduct.

'I suppose, gentlemen, I deserve what I am in the habit of receiving from you.'

'What is that?'

'Nothing.' So saying he coolly walked off.

STEADY, BOYS!

A packet loaded with passengers from different parts of the United States, was crossing a large lake in the west. It was so ordered by Providence, that one of their number was an experienced sea captain. While under sail they were overtaken by a tremendous tempest. The master of the packet and the sailors were frightened, thrown into confusion, and lost the control of the ship. This excited great consternation among the passengers; and it seemed as though they must all perish. At this critical moment, without much ceremony, the sea captain introduced himself to the master of the packet and said—"I beg of you to let me take the command." The master instantly yielded to his request, and directed his hands to obey this stranger. The Captain took his stand, made a few pertinent remarks to calm the minds of the sailors, and then gave the words of command in technical terms, peculiar to his profession. They got the vessel under control, and were soon making their way ahead. The captain continued to watch the motion of the ship, expressed his solicitude by occasionally repeating with a firm, moderate tone of voice, *steady—boys—steady*; and in a short time, they safely arrived at their intended haven. The feelings of the passengers, on this occasion, can be better imagined than described. Reader, we may derive valuable instruction from this occurrence. In all our public concerns in life, get the vessel well under sail towards the right port, with a good CAPTAIN to command her, and let *steady, boys!* be the watchword.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Practical religion confers upon its possessor a glorious triumph amidst the sorrows of life. Suppose poverty comes with its train of calamities; or suppose detraction points its barbed arrows against a blameless character; or suppose bereavement casts a withering shade upon the best earthly hopes and joys; or suppose disease, which mocks the highest efforts both of friendship and of skill, impress itself upon the countenance and make its lodgment in the very seat of life;—or suppose, if you please, that this whole tribe of evils come marching in fearful array to assail the individual at once, I am sure that I do not say too much for practical religion, when I declare to you that it will enable its possessor to meet them all in serenity and triumph. To do this must require a high effort of faith, I acknowledge; but only such an effort as has been exemplified in the experience of thousands. Oh! when I have stood amidst such scenes, and witnessed the sweet aspirations of hope, and seen the bright beams of joy irradiate the countenance over which sorrow had thrown her deepest shades, just as the bow casts its brilliant hues upon the dark cloud in the going down of the sun, I have looked upon religion as a bright angel come down from heaven to exercise a sovereign influence over human calamity; and if I have formed a wish or offered a prayer in respect to you at such a moment, it has been that this good angel be your constant attendant through this vale of tears.—*Sprague.*

"They mount up with wings as eagles."
Isaiah 40—31.

Exulting and bright on his broad glossy wing,
The Eagle is piercing the mists of the morn,
And from his dark plumage is hast'ning to fling
The dew drops that sparkle as upwards he's borne.

Beneath him the waves of the ocean are foaming,
And dash on the cliffs that rise stern o'er the deep;
And through the gray heavens the Sirocco is meaning
As the sign of that bosom that knows not to weep!

But he heeds not the storms, tho' they wildly contend,
While beyond sleeps a region all splendor and peace;
The dark gilded vapors serve only to lend,
A fresh halo to glories that never decrease.

He revels in sunbeams; and from the proud height
Looks down on the valley enshrouded in gloom;
How faded its beauties appear to the sight!
Like tinsel that gleams 'mid the dust of the tomb.

'Tis thus that 'mid tumult, and darkness, and wo,
On the pinions of *Faith* the believer can rise—
Forget this cold world in eternity's glow,
And dauntless pursue his bright path thro' the skies.

Oh! calm is the sunshine that rests on his soul,
The day-star of *Hope*—the sweet dawning of *Peace*;
In sorrow and suffering his heart to console,
With the pledge of a glory that never shall cease.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

During Lord Exmouth's attack on the batteries of Algiers, in 1816, the Algerines used a great number of red-hot shot, particularly in the early part of the action. On board his Majesty's bomb *Infernal*, one of those comfortable articles came in, through Wallis's, the purser's cabin, in the after cockpit; and having bundled a shelf, full of books, on the top of the Assistant Surgeon, Jones, who was lying in the purser's cot, given over with the Gibraltar fever, it rolled across into the opposite cabin, and was there got into a bucket of water, by the gunner and some others stationed near the spot.

This interesting amusement was but just concluded, when the men in the magazine, the door to which was close by, heard a desperate smash among the powder-barrels, and were almost covered with a cloud of loose dust and powder, which was thrown all over them. Knowing the business which had employed the gunner in the cockpit but just the instant before, they naturally enough, in the confusion of the moment, called out to him, "A red-hot shot in the magazine;" and were rushing out of it to circulate wider the same cry, should their new red-hot acquaintance permit them. The ill consequence of this may be easily conceived; the only chance for any one on such an occasion, being to jump at once overboard. The gunner in an instant saw, that if the cry was false, it was folly to spread it; and if true, it was useless; for to kingdom come we must inevitably go. He flew to the magazine, shoved the fellows back into it, and turning the key on them, stood with his hand on the lock, till he knew all danger must be past—rather a queerish situation, gentle reader!

The chaps were afterwards a little laughed at; for, strange to say, we could not find this intruder on their equanimity of temper any where; and many doubted at last, if any shot had come into the magazine at all. To be sure, there were the broken barrels and the spilled powder in favor of the narrators of the story, but this seemed still not fully to convince; for even the worst of dangers generally get laughed at when they are over, by our happy-go-lucky sons of Neptune. When, however, she came to return her powder into store, after arriving in the Thames, the mystery was solved; it was then found that the said shot had gone through four barrels of powder, and lodged itself very comfortably in the middle of the fifth.

PRESENTIMENTS OF DEATH.

Instances of strong presentiment are by no means uncommon, but I have never heard of any more striking than the following two:

Lieut. Stuart had been for many years in the service, and had for some time commanded the *Seaflower*, a beautiful prize brig-of-war, well known on the Lisbon station in 1812, &c. where she was principally employed in conveying Government freights. He was afterwards appointed to the *Harlequin*, of eighteen guns, on the Newfoundland station; this appointment was given him with a view to his promotion—poor fellow, if he was not promoted, he was at any rate provided for.

He was first Lieutenant of the little vessel, and during the time he held this station, was distinguished by that

gentlemanly behaviour and urbanity of manner, so much to be desired in those who possess almost unlimited power. From the time of his first joining her, however, he seemed to think of death, and frequently declared, that he had never yet been in an action of any kind, although so long in the service, and that he felt convinced most fully in his own mind, that, when he did get in one, he should fall.

Many a long hour in the weary night-watches on the banks of Newfoundland, has he wiled away by reciting all his former prospects and his future hopes; but it invariably wound up with his taking a longer stride than usual, and declaring as he finished his yarn, "If ever I go into action, I shall fall—Well, it's all right—Keep a good look-out there, forward;" this was the hint that he wanted no more conversation, and the mate of his watch used to leave him and go over to leeward. Poor Stuart would then pace the deck, in the most perfect mental abstraction. He had indeed a most melancholy foreboding of his fate, but he met it like a hero.

It was in the latter part of 1813, or the beginning of 1814, when the Harlequin, not far from Bermuda, fell in with one of our own packets and from some mistake in the signals, the packet took her for an American, and let fly a raking broadside at her as she was coming up on her quarter; while the Harlequin was getting into carronade range, the packet continued to fire at her, principally from a long brass gun, which she mounted abaft, and which was directed by a passenger, an artillery officer.

Poor Stuart was in the act of walking aft, apparently in the highest glee, and cheering the men with hopes of soon having her alongside, when one of those raking shots came in at the starboard gangway, walking away with the back part of his head, and his brains literally flew up to the peak of the main-sail; it took another man's shoulder off, and then went out through the poop.

There was many a wet eye the next day, when—

"The wave was made his winding sheet!"

A still more remarkable instance was that of Lieut. Bisset, of the Royal Marine Artillery, who went out, in 1816, to Algiers, in his Majesty's bomb *Infernal*. He over and over again stated, even before the fleet got to Gibraltar, that he well knew he should "be one of the first;" and after sailing from that place, passed his time principally in devotions, audible outside his cabin. Latterly he said but little to any one, and on the morning of the battle, he several times repeated that he knew he should "be one of the first." With the exception of this, he hardly spoke on that day, unless to give the necessary directions at the mortars. The action began at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and he was in the act of aiming either the fourth or fifth shell, when the shot struck him!

Before this she had been a good deal cut up; she had had her springs shot away, boats swamped, and was severely raked for some time. During all this, he seemed calmly waiting for death with the cool yet determined resolution of a gallant spirit who knows his last hour is come. I never could imagine what sort of a missile it was that ended his mortal career. He was cut in three pieces.

SCORN OF WEALTH.—Epictetus would never permit himself to emerge from the condition of abject penury: and Sir Thomas Moore was so great a despiser of money, that he says the Utopians made those vessels which were employed for the meanest purposes, of gold and silver. "When the Anatolian ambassadors arrived," says he, in a fine vein of satire, "the children seeing them with pearls in their hats, said to their mothers, 'See, mother! how they wear pearls and precious stones, as if they were children again!' 'Hush,' returned the mothers, 'those are not the ambassadors, but the ambassadors' fools.'"

A TORY.

To her father, one morning, young Caroline cried,

"Pray, tell me, Papa, what's a Tory?"

"An odd looking creature," her father replied,

"The queerest, my dear, that you ever espied,

Or heard of in nursery story:—

A political drone, that lives at his ease

On the honey that's gathered by hard working bees

A sinecure lover, that hates restitution,—

A moth that eats holes in our good constitution,—

A puppy, that fawns at the feet of the great

And lies 'mong the rubbish and dust of the state,

Delighting in pensions and jobs that are shabby,

While loud he can bluster, look angry, and storm,

And raise up his hair like your maiden aunt's tabby,

Should you mention before him the Bill of Reform."

VALUABLE PROPERTY OF SILK.—A silk covering of the texture of a common handkerchief, is said to possess the peculiar property of resisting the noxious influence and of neutralizing the effects of malaria. If, as is supposed, the poisonous matter is received into the system through the lungs, it may not be difficult to account for the action of this very simple preventive. It is well known that such is the nature of malaria poison, that it is easily decomposed by even feeble chemical agents. Now, it is probable that the heated air proceeding from the lungs may form an atmosphere within the veil of silk, of power sufficient to decompose the miasma in its passage to the mouth, although it may be equally true that the texture of the silk covering may act mechanically as a non-conductor, and prove an impediment to the transmission of the deleterious substance.

THE "RULING PASSION."—Some years ago, in the flag ship at Bermuda, a seaman was employed in painting some part of that vessel; the paint, which was white lead, had been mixed with a proportion of rum, as a substitute for spirits of turpentine, as a drying liquid; at the close of the day, when the work had been finished, the man who had performed it, could not resist the temptation of draining the remaining liquid from the pot, and although he must have been sensible of its deleterious quality, as being impregnated with poisonous matter, he drank it off, and very shortly after paid the forfeit of his life for the rash act. On inspection it was found that the stomach had not been affected, but that the brain was in a high state of inflammation. In further illustration of this point, we may here mention a ludicrous anecdote that came within our own knowledge. A foremast man on board his Britannic Majesty's ship —, in all requisite qualities a valuable seaman, while lying on his back in his hammock, almost in the last stage of existence from a disease produced by habitual drunkenness, was informed by the surgeon that unless he refrained from drinking he would certainly die within a month. On the day following the surgeon was going on shore, and as he passed the patient's hammock, the latter thus addressed him:—"I say, doctor, as you are going ashore, you may as well order my coffin, for I can't give up the grog."

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.—Lord Craven lived in London when the last great plague raged. His house was in that part of the town called Craven Buildings. On that sad calamity growing epidemic, his Lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to retire to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, the baggage put up, and all things in readi-

ness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he observed his negro, who served him as a postillion, saying to another servant, "I suppose by my Lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country and not in town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of Gods. The speech, however, struck Lord Craven very sensibly, and made him pause—"My God (thought he) lives everywhere, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country; I'll e'en stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful sermon to me—Lord pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of thy Providence, which made me think of running away from thy hand." He immediately ordered his horses to be taken from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He remained in London, was remarkably useful among his sick neighbors and friends, and never caught the infection.

THE SPORTSMAN.

From the American Sporting Magazine.

TROLLING FOR SALMON.

MR. EDITOR:—Meeting in one of the late numbers of the Register with a very interesting and animated description of the mode by which the drum-fish is taken, I was reminded of a fishing excursion in which I participated, of a somewhat similar character, though on a much smaller scale, and concluded to give you a sketch of it, to occupy a page of your Magazine when nothing more important should offer.

Being on a visit of business to the town of Williamsport, on the west branch of the river Susquehanna, last October twelve months, I was invited to accompany a friend or two on the river, to troll for Salmon; and being ever ready to join a fishing party, I accepted the invitation with alacrity, prepared to expect much amusement from the description I had of this mode of fishing—besides being anxious, both to see and taste, the far famed delicacy of that noble river. Having procured a twine line of about four hundred feet, and attached two hooks of a proper size to one of its extremities, and then two others about an inch and a half above those that were first fastened on, with the points of all four set in opposite directions, and obtained a few small eels of a peculiar species, about three inches in length, which are found in the mud along the margin of the river, we pushed off from the shore in a small row boat, and directed our course to a point a mile or two below the town, where the bright and transparent waters of the river, seemingly as pure as when they issued from their fountains, expanding and deepening, denoted a favorite haunt of the fish we were in pursuit of.

Eager as we were to engage in the amusement before us, we could not but pause to gaze on the beautiful landscape which opened upon us, as we glided towards the spot just alluded to. On the left of the river a long extent of level and fertile land, in high cultivation, was visible; while from the opposite bank ascended a range of lofty mountains, densely covered with forest trees, exhibiting the rich and gorgeous tints which so pre-eminently distinguish our autumnal foliage, and which were reflected in all their brightness from the glassy surface of the river, as it stretched far before us with its numerous islets. Arriving at the place where we proposed to fish, the courtesy of my friends awarded me the opportunity of trying my fortune first; and instructing me in the use of the

line, I took my station in the stern of the boat. After attaching two of the little eels to the hooks, I began to unwind and throw off my line; one of the party being at the oars, and gently and with as little noise as possible, propelling the boat, so as merely to keep the line upon the stretch, without allowing the bait to drag on the bottom.

The whole extent of the line being at length unwound, and the regular propulsion of the boat continued, the bait was played by alternately drawing the line towards me with a quick motion, and then leaving it stationary for a few moments, until the progress of the boat brought it again on the stretch, when the same movement was repeated. But a few minutes elapsed before I felt the shock of a bite: when instantly jerking, and arresting the progress of the boat, I paused a moment to satisfy myself that the fish was hooked. The successive stretching and relaxation of the line confirmed my hopes, and I immediately began, with due circumspection, to draw in—and now arose the high excitement which I found so particularly to characterise this sport, as expectations of a prize worth taking, and of success in securing it—mingled with apprehensions of losing it through mismanagement, occupied my thoughts; and which the reiterated cheers or admonitions of my companions, as I exhibited skill or awkwardness, only tended to heighten.

The struggle for liberty or life on the one hand, and for victory and its consequence—the *bouquet*, on the other, now commenced in earnest; and like a wary politician, who often concedes a trifling advantage to secure a greater, it became necessary occasionally to allow him a few yards of line, and to watch favorable opportunities to recover it, with more. The resistance made by my captive was not, however, very vehement at first, for after making an unsuccessful effort to disengage himself in one direction, he would permit himself to be drawn passively for a few feet towards the boat, before he would repeat his attempt, and then, as though he had paused to collect his strength, he would shoot off laterally with the utmost velocity, until his career would again be arrested. At one moment he might be seen struggling on the surface, and then, in an instant, darting towards the bottom, where he would remain quiet for a little time, as if anxious to secrete himself, until the stretching of the line would reawaken all his fears, and rouse him to renewed exertions. On nearing the boat, and as soon as we became visible, his efforts were redoubled and unceasing; darting about in every direction, and sometimes with such impetus as to make the line whistle as it cut the water. Having brought him within a few yards of the boat, the utmost caution in playing him was now indispensable, lest his violent and unceasing efforts should tear out the hold of the hooks, and enable him to escape. Exhausted at last in some degree, by his exertions, I seized a favorable moment when near the surface, as he was dashing by, to vary a little his course, and aided by his own impulse, to hoist him into the boat; having the gratification to find my prize to be a fine salmon, of a large size.

Again baiting our hooks, we continued our amusement for several hours, pursuing the same method, and with fine success, carrying with us to town a number of these delicious fish, which were served before us next day at dinner, and whose exquisite flavor was heightened by all the appliances that skillful cookery and the most piquant sauces could confer.

In conclusion, I must add my testimony to that of many epicures, in pronouncing the salmon of the Susquehanna one of the greatest luxuries of the fish kind, equalling, if not surpassing in richness and delicacy, even the trout of the lakes.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

The fruit which comes from the many days of recreation and vanity is very little; and although we scatter much, yet we gather little profit; but from the few hours we spend in prayer and the exercises of a pious life, the return is great and profitable; and what we sow in the minutes and spare portions of a few years, grow up to crowns and sceptres in a happy and glorious eternity.

The primitive inhabitants of Mexico believed that the soul had to pass through places full of snow and thorns, and encounter many hardships before it arrived at its destined abode; and they therefore buried them with all their apparel, vestments and shoes.

One of the Hydrangea tribe perspires so freely that the leaves wither and become crisp in a very short space of time, if the plant be not amply supplied with water; it has 160,000 apertures on every inch square of surface on the under disk of the leaf.

GENEALOGY.—Intemperance begat Ignorance and Idleness—Ignorance and Idleness together begat mischief—mischief begat card-playing in a garret with greasy cards, swearing, pilfering, lying and their brethren—card-playing begat gambling on a larger scale, rapacity, profusion and their brethren—rapacity begat stealing—stealing begat highway robbery and burglary—highway robbery and burglary begat murder and arson. All together begat an evil conscience, which attempted to drown its stings in whiskey and rum.—From whiskey and rum sprang a monster named **INTemperance**—**INTemperance** at once the child and parent, also begat shame and want—**MISERY, DESPAIR** and **WOE**.

MAGNIFICENT CYPRESS TREE.—In the gardens of Chapultepec, near Mexico, the first object that strikes the eye is the magnificent Cypress, called the Cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth, when the monarch was on the throne, (1520) so that it must now be at least 400 years old; yet it still retains all the vigor of youthful vegetation. The trunk is forty-one feet in circumference, yet the height is so majestic as to make even this enormous mass appear slender. At Santa Maria de Tula, in Oaxaca, is a Cypress 93½ English feet in circumference, which yet does not show the slightest symptom of decay.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Kipper the celebrated Norfolk pedestrian, finished one of his matchless performances on Saturday night last, having walked in six days, 360 miles, allowing himself 60 miles per day. The line of his operations was from Skipton to Bradford, the distance from each place being 20 miles.

In Camden's account of Cornwall, the chough is thus described—"In the rocks underneath, all along this coast, breeds the pyrrhocorax, a crow with red bill and red feet, not peculiar to the Alps, as Pliny imagined. This bird is found by the inhabitants to be an incendiary, and very thieving, for it often sets houses on fire privately, steals pieces of money, and then hides them."

A man in prosperity forgets every one; and in adversity every one forgets him. In prosperity he appears to have lost his senses; and when loaded with misfortunes he is said never to have had any. In his sudden elevation, he becomes discontented with all the world; and when hurled to the bottom of the wheel of fortune, all the world are discontented with him.

Somebody has stolen a pair of boots from the Editor of the *N. Y. Standard*. The Editor says—"The boots aforesaid were bought in Third street, and we had not on Saturday a second pair; they were whole soled at time of purchase, but half soled at the time of theft, like the half soled creature who took them; he did not

buy them, nor did we give them away, nor were they sold or half soled to him. They were right and left, but now neither of them is left, but we have been wronged out of them, and it was an unrighteous act that has left us to make this bootless complaint.

THE MESSRS. ROTHCHILD.—From certain data it may be asserted, that the different branches of this house (the five brothers) possess in common the enormous fortune of 140 millions of francs, and can by their credit and relations, command more than 300 millions.

SINGING FISH.—A French author, M. Grand, states a fact in relation to the finny tribe, not heretofore, we believe, noticed by naturalists. It is, that the *Aborensis tritonica* enjoys the power of song. The music it makes, when placed in a vase containing a small quantity of water, may be heard at the distance of twelve or fifteen feet. M. Grand supposes that these sounds serve as means of communication from one of these animals to another.

BEGGAR'S OPERA.—Every species of performance have attempted the Beggar's Opera, from the Theatre Royal to barns and puppet-shows. Not longer back than the year 1790, it was played at Barnstable, when Macheath had but one eye, and Polly but one arm; the songs were supported by a man who whistled the airs; while the manager could not read.

Visitors to Bonaparte's tomb, at St. Helena, describe the recent planting of a set of young willows around it, cuttings from the parent trees, by the present governor, as the two or three old ones are fast going to decay. Longwood is now a farm house, and no part but the former billiard room remains inhabitable, the other apartments being converted into stables, granaries, &c. The now Longwood House (an excellent dwelling,) has never been occupied, and apparently is fast falling to decay.

"How did you get such a cold, Ben?" said a vagrant to a wheezing brother the other day. "I slept in the Park last night," answered Ben, "and some one left the gate open."

When the report reached Brunswick College that the Cholera was in Topsham, a student in the Freshman class observed that he knew "the Cholera would get here, but he hoped he should be a Senior when it arrived, as he understood it only attacked the lower classes."

PLEASANTNESS OF TEACHING.—Schoolmaster: Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth? (Boys silent.)—You cannot tell. Well, now let's try again. You know Mr. Sparkes, who lives over the way—now, Mr. Sparkes has three sons, Tom, Jack, and Harry—who was the father of Tom, Jack, and Harry? Boys: Mr. Sparkes. Schoolmaster: That's right! very good boys indeed! Now, then—Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth? Boys: Mr. Sparkes.

One fact may be gleaned from the recent discussions on the glove trade in the House of Commons—that the said trade is allowed to be in a most depressed condition on all hands.

The publications of the Temperance Society London, are sold by Boosey and Co.!

JUST THE "TOUCH."—A gentleman of Portland, alike celebrated for his love of the queer, and his talents as an artist, having arranged his cabinet of curiosities in excellent order, was desirous of having some notice attached to it, which would deter visitors from handling the articles: it was thought the hint might be more modestly presented in poetry. Accordingly "the muse" was tapped, and out flowed the following line: "Let no one touch these curiosities." This was very well

thus far; but the question was, to find a rhyme to "*curiosities*," which would *preserve the sense*. A brother brush, who was present, immediately removed the difficulty, by penning the following, which was placed upon the cabinet:

"Let no one touch these curiosities,
For fear of breeding animosities."

YANKEES UP TO THE CANADIANS.—We were of late much amused by the following anecdote: A Yankee, having a disposition to become rich, as most Yankees have, but being in too great haste to do it honestly, made an excursion "o'er the border" after a certain *semblance* of bank notes, vulgarly y'cleped *snags*. He called upon the venders of this *light* sort of ware for a supply, and made his selection at the *quid pro quo* of \$10 per hundred. He handed over the *equivalent* in U. S. bills and was off, leaving the Canadians to make the discovery that no diamond is quite so keen as the true Yankee, for they had been paid for their *snags* in COUNTERFEIT MONEY!!

The word "*Fast*," is as great a contradicton as *wei* have in the language. The Delaware was *fast*, because the ice was immovable; and then the ice disappeared very *fast* for the contrary reason—it was loose. A clock is called *fast*, when it goes quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers.

In the window of a barber's shop in Goodinan's Fields, is exhibited a professional announcement, in writing, which, for its poetical excellence, we give in its genuiae form and purity.

I ISAACS,
I these way tries lucks:
I shaves for a penny,
Never cuts any;
I bleeds,
Pulls teeth—and cups:
Below I feeds
And trains and breeds
Young bull-dogs, and other sorts of *gentlemen pups*.
And I blacks shoes
For Christians—besides Jews.

THE DEAD MAN'S ANGER.—Some years since, the manager of a rope walk in New York, being much in want of assistance, met a person in the street, who was by profession a rigger. "Come Bill, lend us a hand to-morrow to lay a cable; we are short of help and can't get along without you." "Ough, Colonel, I can't work to-morrow any how, father is dead—he'll be mad if I s and oo to the funeral."

The Editor of the New York American is at a loss to understand the meaning of the words "*elaborated woman*," which occur in a contemporary Gazette—and our neighbor of the National places against them a sentence used by Mr. Tyler, in the Senate of the United States—"a person manufactured a *widow* and a set of papers, and sent them to obtain a soldier's pay," &c. If *elaborated* signifies "finished with art and care," then we think we have seen an *elaborated woman*; and as to "*manufacturing widows*," if killing husbands is not *making* widows, we scarcely know how they will be *grown*, as the English say.

Braham being asked his idea of the term, a *chaste* singer replied, "He is one who ravishes his audience."—Some of Lord Althorp's acquaintance, discussing how his portrait should be represented, one of them rather flippantly suggested, "With his hands in his breeches pockets." "No!" replied L—i, "as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he ought to be drawn with *his hands in the pockets of others*."—To what place should a man go who wished to be married? To *Havre*. (To *have her*.)—A noted quack, who got a good deal of money without doing much good to his patient, was told that his pro-

fession was a complete *sine-cure*. "I kill nobody; so that if the cure is postponed, it is *sine die*."

FUN IS FUN.—Calling the other morning at the office of Dick Raffles, Esq. we found him at the glass in the act of shaving. Rip! rip! went the razor over his face, and the blood came at every stroke; while his man, Tom, stood behind him nearly splitting his sides with laughter. The counsellor, with most commendable perseverance, continued his operation, grinning, groaning, and making the most dolorous faces, until at length surveying his *gashly* countenance more minutely, he turned suddenly round and stammered out—"I s-s-say, Tom, f-fun is f-fun—but, d—n it! I wish you wouldn't open oysters with my razor!"

NEW MEANING OF THE WORD REMONSTRATE.—A worthy farmer in the north of England was once waited upon by a tax-gatherer, who claimed taxes which had been already paid. The receipt had been mislaid, and the farmer could not on the instant produce it. The man of taxes became very abusive; and the farmer, in his own phrase, remonstrated with him. "Well, and to what effect did you remonstrate with him?" asked a friend, who heard the story from the farmer's own mouth. "I don't know," was the reply, "but I know the poker was bent, and I had to get a hammer to straighten it again."

GULLIBILITY.—The love of being gulled prevails so extensively, that a cotemporary expresses surprise, that the phrenologists, when they were *mapping* the human skull, did not denominate one of the bumps the "*organ of gullibility*." As an evidence of the power which craft and cunning yet wield over the minds and will of the ignorant, the Pittsburg Manufacturer relates an anecdote of one of Rapp's vassals at Economy. This individual had lived with Rapp 27 years; during which period he had never been allowed a pound of coffee nor a particle of tea. Most of the time he had lived upon Indian mush and grease for breakfast, and Indian mush and milk for supper. He was allowed no fresh meat nor any of the common luxuries of life. The whole of his time, when not asleep, was occupied in incessant toil, without being permitted to enjoy any social intercourse with his friends. A short time since, he married, contrary to Rapp's pleasure, and was immediately expelled. Rapp generously gave him one hundred dollars, not because he was entitled to it, but as a gratuity. Here then (says the editor) we find a man who has been a slave to Rapp for 27 years, for which he has received enough Indian mush and grease to support life, and one hundred dollars; and his case is a common one. This occurred in a country where one hundred dollars will purchase eighty acres of first rate land, on which an industrious man may live the life of a freeman, rear up a family, support and educate them, and die himself in independent circumstances; yet this man was *gulled*.—*Boston Transcript*.

While John Randolph was a member of the House of Representatives, during an unusually warm debate, he is said to have addressed the Chair in the following manner:—

"Mr. Speaker, we are in the habit of calling *all* of the members of the House Gentlemen. I," said he, "do not call them *all* gentlemen: for, Mr. Speaker, there are members in this House whom I would not touch with a pair of tongs, so help me God, I would not!"

ANOTHER DISAPPEARANCE.—On Tuesday morning last, Martha Smith, 9 years of age, left her home, 202 Wooster street, and has not since been heard of by her afflicted mother. She is described as being clad in a gingham frock, check apron, and Navarino hat—hair and eyes black, with a scar near the left eye.

BIOGRAPHY OF ODD FELLOWS.

MR. CHARLES WILKINSON.

Who was ever of late yeas "in London—that overgrown place," as Mr. Colman somewhere sings, but must have seen, or should have seen, one of its "lions," who so overgrew all that is indigenous to that city, that it was almost doubtful which was the largest, the lion or London! Most persons about town must have met with the phenomenon I mean, and others must have heard of the Long Lawyer, (for such was his profession,) who was sometimes seen in the law neighborhoods in term-time, looking like the long vacation personified, or like one of Chancellor Eldon's legal cases running to seed for want of decision. He put one in mind of Jack of Bean-stalk memory, and the hardly less renowned Tom Thumb; and yet he was very unlike other of those small mightinesses, though not unlike the bean stalk of the first. * * * * What could his mother have been thinking of when she bore him? Was it of a soaped pole at a country fair, and some indefatigable fellow vainly trying to reach the top of it; or had she any thoughts of discovering the longitude? what was her mode of rearing him? what his food, his appetites, exercises, and juvenile aspirations? and by what magic did she succeed in bringing him up to his high perfection? I have sometimes conjectured that his nurse must have sung for his lullaby those two following lines of Milton in his "May Morning"—

"Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long;"

and laid too much emphasis on the three last words; but whatever arts were resorted to, whatever mode of culture was adopted, the result was the rearing of as great a human wonder as ever nature turned out from her man-manufactory:—

None but himself could be his parallel!

Of his pedigree the present writer knows nothing, but it was reported he was related to the Farnborough family, and also to the Wellesleys, or to one of them—Mr. Tilney Long Pole. Many pleasant anecdotes were recorded of his habits and manners in-doors and out-doors, abroad and at home. It is said that when he went to the pit of the theatre, the gods of the one shilling gallery cried out, "Sit down, you sir, in the two!" not perceiving that he was some fifty feet lower down than that middlemost heaven; and the managers were obliged to cut away three seats in the pit for the admission of his legs. At the Opera, the wags said they sunk for him a chair six feet below the level of Pop's Alley, close to the orchestra, that the short people behind him might not have their view impeded; and even then that he extinguished the prompter on the stage.

It was noticed that he never laughed till the laugh was over with the rest of the audience. A physiological friend accounted for this, by supposing that it took a joke some time to travel from his ear to his midriff, and tickle it to laughter. The last time he was seen at a tragedy, it was noticed that his white handkerchief was eighty seconds behind hand with the pit, his sorrow being brought up from a well of much more than the usual depth.

His length must have been very inconvenient to him. Nature, when she invented him, ought to have constructed him on the plan of a fishing rod:—he should have been made to take in two; one half to screw into the other half, so that when he awoke in the morning he might ring the bell for his man, and say, "John, bring me my legs and pantaloons parts directly, for I want to run down to Westminster." Then the upper

part of him might have been got into any decent-sized bed, and the lower part been hung up with his boots till the morning, or left on the mat at the chamber-door, ready for him to jump into at one moment's notice.

One of the nymphs who walk under the moon without being chastened by her beams, was, it is said, in love with him to desperation, and once tried to throw herself out of a hackney-coach into his arms, but she pitched with her nose in his coat-pocket: and as he could not stoop to her, and as there was no ladder standing near by which she could rise to him, she was obliged to give up her amorous passion in despair.

It is said that he was the sole cause of the Strand being lighted with gas; the commissioners found it impossible any longer to sustain the loss of oil which his head running against their oil-lamps almost nightly brought upon them; they did not so much mind the glasses, but the waste of oil was awful, and, as Russia looked refractory about that time, there might have been a stoppage in the usual unctuous supply.

Money, of Fleet Street, who used to shave him, was obliged to mount a dining-table to get at his chin, and even then he strained his tendon Achillis from standing so long on tip-toe. It was considered wonderful he did not unbeard himself in the manner of the Irish giant, who went up a ladder to shave himself! His tailor, when he measured him, like a sensible man, stood on a flight of steps; but three of his journeymen unaccustomed to such a perpendicular position, were said to have broken their necks in the attempt, and their widows and children are now pensioners on the master, who swears that these accidents lessened his profits so much, that he did not make more than forty per cent, by his custom.

Mr. Wilkinson wanted to go up with Mr. Sadler in his balloon. Sadler, who had been to Dublin, and came back as full of bulls as a Pope, told him candidly that he could not carry him higher than he was already. Failing in this, he wished to o'er-monument the Monument; but the prudent keeper of that long lie very properly refused him, remarking that it would make the pillar look little when his height was subtracted from its elevation. Besides, the inhabitants of Fish Street Hill threatened to leave their houses if he attempted the ascent; he might, as they had every reason to fear, bring down both monument and houses upon their devoted heads.

When he went shooting in September, his friends, who had estates of their own, where they are allowed to cut the timber, lopped off the lower branches of their plantations, lest he should meet with the death of Absalom; and before he came down to their shooting-boxes they had the doors made higher and the ceilings lifted, &c. &c. so it is humorously said. He would persist in travelling by one coach, when he ought to have gone by three; and when he was resolutely bent upon riding inside, they made a hole through the roof for his head and shoulders, and got informed against for carrying luggage higher than the number of inches allowed by act of Parliament. If he went outside, the coach was either upset, or they lost so much time in setting him down and taking him up in passing under arches and gateways, that they were quite sick of attempting to get him out of town; and at last as soon as his servant entered a coach office to take a place for him, "there was not a place to be had for six months to come!" was the universal coach office cry. Even in town, when he called "Coach!" the whole stand could stand him no longer:—coach, chariot, and cab bolted off the street as fast as their crazy animals could carry them. Of course, no hackneyman was anxious to take up a gentleman who bulges out the

back part of his coach with his shoulders, and trips up his horses by thrusting his excess of legs through the front. It was the same if he invoked the aid of a "Boat!"—the watermen cut their inch of cable, and pushed off for the Surry shore.

He never rode on horseback. No doubt he would have done so if he could find either horse or mare hands-high enough to keep his legs from trailing after him. Indeed, it is said that he once affected to ride a cobb, but it was soon perceived that he was walking, and that the little fellow was only trotting along between his legs, as it were under his auspices.

When he knocked to inquire for lodgings at Bath or at Brighton, as soon as the boarding house keeper opened his door, and looked up at his proposed lodger, he became so alarmed, that down went the "To Let" immediately, and he swore that every room in the house was full.

The most amusing circumstance connected with this excellent man, for a kind, good-hearted fellow he was to the last, was his forgetfulness of his dimensions. Sitting some time after dinner one-day, he remarked on the sudden, that he should get up and stretch himself; if you had seen the consternation of the party, or if I could describe it; but no, it is impossible. Three ladies, of imaginative mind, shrieked as with one voice, and fainted; and the gentlemen part of the company fairly took to their heels. Another time, a sick lady was quite thunderstruck at hearing him apologise for paying so "short" a visit, when, if he had considered but a moment, he must have been convinced that, wherever he came it was a visitation of nine feet six inches at the very least estimation. He half frightened another friend by threatening to "drop in" some day at dinner. Poor Simpson ran in wild alarm to get his house insured, and the next day the district surveyor ordered it to be shored up. Drop in he did, however, in defiance of all danger; and after the first impressions of fear had subsided, the little Simpsons were introduced with the dessert. One adventurous boy began to climb his knee,

—The envied kiss to share;

but after clambering half-way up, he grew dizzy, and slid down again, just as "the bigger sort of boys" slip down a ladder, or a long baluster.

There is a good story told of an incident connected with one of his rural walks or rather strides. Being overtaken in one of the narrow green lanes by a short man in a low chaise with a small pony, the little fellow bawled out to him, in a mixed tone of threat and tenderness, "Why don't you get out of the way? do you want to be run over?" The nine-foot turned about, and, looking down at the threatener, coolly replied—"Pooh, pooh, if you say another word, I'll run over you!"

PADDY M'GUIRE.

Some years ago I was escorting a lady across the Place du Carrousel, at Paris; there had been some rain, and the pavement was extremely dirty. As we passed near the triumphal arch, I heard a voice, deeply tinged with a rich Cavan brogue, exclaim, "Dirty weather, your honor, for a lady's colored shoes." I turned round, and perceived that the observation had proceeded from one of the cavalry sentries under the arch. The contrast between the Irish brogue and the uniform of the Second Regiment of Grenadiers a Cheval of the French Royal Guard, struck me forcibly, and excited my curiosity to learn something of this fine looking Irishman. When I returned to my hotel, I asked my servant, (who had been attending his mistress when Paddy accosted me that morning, and who was an old soldier himself, and

well acquainted with the English and Irishmen in many of the regiments in the French army,) if he knew anything of the Irish sentry who was on duty that morning at the triumphal arch. "Oh! Sir," said he, "that was Paddy M'Guire, a well known character both in Paris and Versailles. He makes very free with the English gentlemen. I remember when we lived in Versailles, there was an inspection of the Garrison, and Paddy was orderly upon the General. He observed Major Jones and several other English officers on the place d'Armes, and without the least ceremony asked the Major, "if he thought the Enniskillen Dragoons would be a match for the Cuirassiers then on parade?" "

Paddy commenced his military career in the grenadier company of the Cavan Militia, and shortly afterwards volunteered into the 11th Foot. He served several campaigns in Portugal and Spain, and deserted to the French, preferring their service to the severe flogging which he expected to receive for having got drunk upon his post. When he arrived at the French chain of videttes, he was made a prisoner, and conducted to head quarters; there Paddy was asked a number of questions, but he could not give much information respecting either the position or the strength of the Duke of Wellington's army; he could tell pretty nearly the number of the rank and file of his own regiment, but he knew nothing of the rest of the troops, except that the Spaniards and Portuguese were a dirty, cowardly, beggarly set of Spalpeens, who ran away upon the first shot being fired. Paddy was placed in a regiment of Cuirassiers, and on the subsequent formation of the Royal Guard, he was drafted into the Grenadiers a Cheval. It appears in the early part of his French military service, he was frequently subjected to sneers and ridicule, on account of his Irish accent and love of brandy. This he bore with a good deal of composure, until he had acquired a tolerable proficiency in the use of the small sword, when he retorted with both tongue and foot upon his adversaries. A challenge was the immediate consequence, and Paddy was not long in measuring swords with his antagonist; and being strong, active, and a pretty good fencer, he soon obtained the victory. He was now treated with more respect, but his attachment to brandy led him into frequent quarrels, and as perverse disputes are always decided in the French army by the sword, Paddy killed four of his comrades in single combat, together with an imprudent gen d'arme, who, at a cabaret at Versailles, had ventured a sneer at the boxing system or the soldiers of the English army. Such is the high estimation in which personal courage and prowess are held in the French service he was made a non-commissioned officer, but the love of brandy constantly occasioned his being as often reduced to the ranks.

In the affray which took place about three years ago at a *fete* at the Verreilay, near Versailles, between a party of the Swiss Guard, and some men of the Second Grenadiers a Cheval, of whom Paddy was one, several lives were lost; and when questioned as to his share in the business, he modestly acknowledged that he had only killed and wounded seven of the Swiss soldiers. At that period I was residing at Versailles, and wishing to improve myself in fencing, I desired my servant to inquire of Paddy, "who was the best teacher of the art in town," when he naively replied, "Sure I killed the fellow about six months ago!" With all poor Paddy's skill and courage, brandy was too strong for him, and ultimately prevailed. About eighteen months ago he got drunk, fell from his horse, and received such a serious injury as occasioned his death; and his strong, manly, and active form, was committed to the grave in Versailles, lamented by a handsonie young woman, who is often observed to visit the place of his interment, and strew it over with laurel and flowers.

Can the leopard change his spot?—Yes, if he does not like one spot, he can go to another.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28.

THE COMETS OF 1832.

We are informed by various respectable individuals, that an extraordinary degree of excitement exists among the uninformed classes in Philadelphia, in relation to the expected comet. With the ignorant and superstitious, all is fear and consternation. As nothing but an acquaintance with the facts connected with the appearance of comets can dispel this groundless alarm, we republish some interesting items of information, taken from *Time's Telescope* for 1832.

About the latter part of the year 1828, an impression generally prevailed that some baleful influence was connected with a comet then about to appear, of which it had been affirmed that it was the most likely of all others to come in contact with the earth: this was the comet of Encke. The German and French Philosophers also predicted that the comet of Beila would, in the year 1832, breathe desolation on the human race, and by its shock, reduce this beautiful world to its original chaos. In England notices appeared in the public prints relative to a comet said to be visible, and those who possessed telescopes were directed to the place in the heavens where the monster was to be found. Every one who saw it wondered that it remained stationary; it would indeed have been a wonderful phenomenon if it had moved, for this fancied comet proved to be the nebula in the girdle of Andromeda, the position of which in the heavens was as permanent as that of any of the fixed stars. At length the expected comet did appear, but only dimly seen with the telescope. It passed the earth's orbit, crossed the paths of Venus and Mercury, mingled its mysterious cloud-like form with the solar rays, and disappeared. *Both of these comets*—the comet of Encke and the comet of Beila, *return this year*, and cross the earth's orbit; the former in the spring, and the latter in autumn, and the only antidote to any terror, is an investigation of the nature of these bodies, and the paths which they pursue. It is not very probable that the comet of Encke will be satisfactorily visible in this hemisphere during its return in the present year: it will pass its perihelion the early part of May. The comet of Beila will be nearest to the earth on the 22d October, when its distance will be about fifty millions of miles. The alarm which prevailed in Paris and on the Continent, with respect to the danger of the return of this comet in 1832, seems to have originated in some supposed calculations made by the celebrated Lalande, and the popular tumult at last increased to such a height that the government was compelled to publish that celebrated astronomer's memoir in order to suppress it. It is known that the comet of 1770 passed through the system of the planet of Jupiter, without in the slightest degree affecting the motions of either the primary or his satellites, and that it passed sufficiently near our planet to have shortened the length of the year, had its mass been equal to that of the earth. Most of the calculations respecting the effect of the proximity of a comet to our earth, have proceeded on erroneous principles—over-rating the quantity of matter in comets, and losing sight of their great velocity when in this part of the

system. For a comet to produce any direful effect, it ought to contain not merely a great quantity of matter, but also to be vertical and stationary to the earth's surface for several hours; instead of which we have reason to believe that though vast in volume, comets contain but little matter in proportion; consequently their attractive energy would be inconsiderable, while their velocity would in a very short period, carry them beyond the limits of exerting any influence on the waters of the globe. But the very circumstances which, in case of proximity, would be the security of our globe—namely, velocity, would, in the event of contact, be attended with the direst effects. Should the comet strike the earth obliquely, it would glance off, and the consequences would be partial. If the point of collision were on a continent of the globe, mountains would be hurled from their basis, and new ones would elevate their ridges towards the clouds. Were the place of meeting on either of the great oceans, some regions would be inundated by the waters of the sea. But if the point of contact were in the direction of the earth's centre—the meeting would be terrific—the earth's period of revolution would be altered—a different inclination of the axles might be given—there would be a consequent change of seasons, and the vast continents of the globe would be again covered with the ocean, which deserting its bed, would rush to the new equator. It must, however, be stated, that the probability of such an event is all but infinitely removed. The most likely of any that is known to effect such a consummation, is the comet of Encke, which, it has been calculated, would come in collision with our earth after a lapse of 219 millions of years. This calculation proceeds on the soundest principles of reasoning, and proves not so much the safety of our globe from cometary destruction (for some comet hitherto unseen by mortal eyes, may now be winging its flight towards our globe,) as the astonishing powers of the mind of man which can thus essay to penetrate the veil of futurity, and read the delay of a world.

THE BLIND.

The corner stone of the Wills Asylum for the Blind and lame has at length been laid, and the building progresses rapidly; it is situated near the Widows' and Orphans' Asylums. This is an institution which cannot fail to take a strong hold on the feelings of the public, and if, as in other similar places in Europe, instruction forms part of the plan, it will be, next to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the most interesting place to visit in the state. Although the eradication of the small pox has greatly diminished the number of the blind from what it was in former times, there are still numbers sufficient remaining, to employ all the one hundred thousand dollar fund left so munificently by Mr. Wills, who is remembered, doubtless, by a number of our readers, as a plain, unostentatious grocer, and who as a bachelor, with retired and economical habits, amassed the fortune which he thus munificently bequeathed to the care of the city for this specific object.

The Liverpool Asylum for the Blind is perhaps the most perfect model of an institution of this description. About one hundred pupils, or patients, are here fed and instructed. They consist mostly of women

and children, with but few men. In one apartment, the women are spinning and sewing, and in others they make ropes, cords of silk, as well as window cords; weave carpets and rugs, make list and knit shoes, packthread, sail-cloth, tarred mats, and fancy articles which meet with a ready sale to visitors and others. Their articles are manufactured with great neatness; their musical performances, however, are the most surprising and interesting. A dozen pupils are taught to play together, on different instruments, and their perfect concord is truly surprising. It is as musicians in churches, &c. that very many of them get their living after leaving the Asylum, and surely no branch of business can be so suitable; we trust music is to be one of the first things taught in our new institution. The whole number of pupils who have been admitted at Liverpool, from its establishment in 1791, is about six hundred. Forty pupils are discharged in the course of some years, most of whom are capable of maintaining themselves by the skill they acquire in the school. Five thousand dollars' worth of manufactured goods are disposed of annually.

A traveller who has recently returned from Liverpool, thus writes:—"We went a few days since to attend the anniversary of the Blind institution. The inmates of the Asylum occupied the gallery, and the church was filled below by the gentry and wealthy inhabitants of Liverpool. The service is performed as it is in the cathedrals; that is, the whole of it is read in musical tones, the female voices just an octave higher than those of the men. The anthems and pieces of music from Handel, and other eminent composers, were most delightfully performed by the sightless choir, accompanied by the organ, which was played by a blind performer. When it is considered that the whole service, including the psalms for the day, was recited from memory, it affords a striking instance how much that faculty may be improved by use. There was no hesitation, no mistake discoverable, in the whole service. Some of the voices were very fine; the best was that of a lady of great personal beauty, save that

"—a drop serene

Had quench'd her orbs, or dim suffusion veil'd"

them with 'clouds and ever during dark.' The effect of the performance was highly impressive. It was impossible, without emotion, to witness fifty or sixty of these unfortunate beings, among whom there was not a ray of vision, lifting up their voices in sweetest harmony, in a chorus of praise to their Creator."

Among the means of instructing the blind, we may enumerate the invention of raised letters, which the pupils read by the touch. Maps and globes on this principle have also been brought to great perfection, and are used in many parts of Europe for the instruction of others also, as they present by means of elevations and depressions of the surface, proportional elevations and pictures, which strike the mind forcibly. In arithmetic, attention is directed almost exclusively to mental calculations. The first institution of the kind in America, was commenced in Boston in 1829,

and an act of incorporation obtained. We are not aware how far it has progressed, or whether pupils are yet admitted, and should be under obligations to some of the editors of that city for information. If they have not brought their asylum into operation, some individual will have to be despatched to Europe to obtain a knowledge of the details of the manner of instruction. We are personally acquainted with several blind individuals who need instruction; and doubtless the memory of most readers will supply instances of this kind of deprivation, which have greatly excited their sympathies. The Wills Asylum, being most liberally endowed, may be expected to be the best on this continent.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The publication of those very neat and very readable little books called *Insect Miscellanies*, *Insect Architecture*, *Architecture of Birds*, &c. has done much to render the subjects of natural history comprehensible and delightful to all who read. They treat the matters so popularly, that no one of common intelligence can fail to understand them, and to be highly gratified with their perusal. Something was wanting to make natural history more generally respected, and more popularly understood than systems or minute arrangements, however perfect, can ever cause it to be. One great view, which every man who has time and capacity at the present day, should entertain, is to combine science with useful knowledge, and to spread both as far as he can. These cannot be made too easy, and we rejoice that they are beginning to be given in such a dress as to prove attractive and delightful to every one who can read and write. This never will be the case with dry details, however ingenious and perfect the system to which they relate, and thus, notwithstanding the great progress of science, as such, comparatively little taste for it has as yet spread among the people at large. How preferable then are such books as those we have enumerated, which give accurate histories of all that has been observed of the habits of the bee, the silk worm, and bird's nests, &c. The reader who seeks mere amusement, will find more enjoyment in spending time in this description of reading, than in droning over pages of fiction. How interesting are such facts as the following.

The *beard*, as it is called, of the muscle, is used by the animal to moor itself in stormy seas to the rocks, and it spins more or less of this cable in proportion to its dangerous situation; and as illustrative of this property, its aid has been called in to assist in securing by its cables even works of human construction. At Biddeford in Devonshire, England, there is a long bridge of twenty-four arches across the Towridge river. At this bridge the tide flows so rapidly that it cannot be kept in repair by mortar. *Daniel*, in his *Rural Sports* says, "The corporation, therefore, keep boats in employ to bring *muscles* to it, and the interstices of the bridge are filled by hand with these muscles. It is supported from being driven away by the tide, entirely by the strong threads these muscles fix to the stone work; and by act or grant, it is a crime

liable to transportation, for any person to remove these muscles, unless in the presence and by the consent of the corporate trustees." This is turning natural history to a good account, and yet how many people have been acquainted with the muscle all their lives, and with its *beard* or mooring apparatus, without even for a moment thinking on the subject.

STOCKINGS.—A morning paper says—"Yesterday was something like spring—warm and agreeable. The ladies occupied Chesnut street with their new spring dresses, including the latest fashion of straw bonnets. The dresses which the National Gazette of yesterday afternoon quoted as somewhat longer, had receded to former dimensions—and we are hence able to add, that flesh colored stockings, with large clocks, are "much worn;" at least we saw one pair *very* "much worn."

ORIGINAL REPORTS.

The following case, which occurred in one of the numerous places close to and adjoining Philadelphia, if it has no other interest, will show how important it is that Schuylkill water should be introduced wherever there are neighborhoods.

THE PUMP.

There is a strong propensity in man, even in people of fair character, to rob one another according to law. The desire of recovering lost property carries him beyond the bounds of justice, and creates in him a prejudice on his own side, which makes him a poor judge in his own case; hence the importance of bringing disputes before disinterested magistrates, who can examine coolly into the merits of the dispute. It is a common circumstance, for a person to be nonsuited when he is as certain as that he has eaten his breakfast, of being entirely and indisputably in the right. It is not very uncommon either, that when a person who really ought to pay a debt or damages, is 'rotten,' or run away, for the creditor to look about with a keen eye for another, upon whom he can fix the debt; so that if he cannot catch the substance he will attempt the shadow. But if it is common to fix upon one man what another ought to pay, it is quite as common to try to shift that debt upon another, which we ought to pay ourselves. Every pretext to put off payment is pleaded. The fallacy of our reasoning is seen by all but ourselves. We contradict the plain language of justice, and at length fall by our own arguments.

But to our pump report, which, having occupied some time in what people, if they choose, may call either prosing or poetry, we will attack immediately.

Magistrate—What is your demand?

Plaintiff—Three dollars.

Magis. to defendant—Is it just?

Defendant—No: I do not owe him a cent.

Magis.—How then does the claim arise?

Plaintiff—There is a pump in the neighborhood, for the joint use of the tenants. It has lately been repair-

ed; each tenant pays a proportionate sum, according to his rent; all have paid except the defendant.

Magistrate to defendant—Was the pump out of repair?

Defendant—Yes.

Magis.—Was any part of the expense unnecessary?

Defend.—I suppose not.

Magis.—What objection can you make to paying your quota?

Defend.—I have never paid anything; neither ought I to pay. I gave no orders to have it done; I never promised, neither has any man a right to lay out my money.

Magis.—Does not your family now get water at this pump, which they could not have done if it had remained unrepaired?

Defend.—We do get water, surely.

Magis.—Should you think it fair, if all the neighbors went free, and the whole expense was saddled on you?

Defend.—No, I should not.

Magis.—Then what reason is there that you should go free, use the water, and your neighbors pay the whole expense? Had they been of your mind, they would have been deprived of one of the greatest blessings we know; or rather, like you, would wish to enjoy it at the expense of another. If you have never paid for former repairs, they have granted you a favor you evidently do not deserve. As they have all an equal right to the pump, they have an equal obligation to pay. If you gave no orders, it was not because orders were not necessary, or the water not wanted, but that another, more spirited than yourself, might step forward and furnish you by accommodating you with a pretext for being niggardly. If you *had* promised payment you would have stood in a more honorable light. There are laws of neighborhood as well as of nations. He lays out his money himself, who pays for a necessary article which cannot be had without; but if you take that article at the expense of your neighbor, you do him an injustice, and *in justice* I am compelled to order you to pay your full quota. You get off very well if the neighbors do not hunt up some old bills for former repairs, and *bring you in* for costs and interests, or *drive you out* of their vicinity.

The defendant thought it hard to have his pocket *pumped* in that style, but rather than throw cold water over the whole alley, pulled out a leather purse and paid his "quoter."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. M. Coosada, is received—all right; he will accept our thanks.

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